WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL XIII—NO. 40. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1801. WHOLE NO. 564.

BIANCA.

A TRUE STORY.

ABOUT the end of the 15th century, Thomas Buonaventuri, a young Florentine, of a good family, but poor, took up his residence with a merchant in Venice, his countryman. Opposite to the house where he lodged, was the back-gate of the dwelling of a Venetian of quality, Bartolemeo Capello. In this house lived a young lady of extraordinary beauty, of the name of Bianca.----She was indeed closely watched; however, Buonaventuri soon discovered her, as she came frequently to the window. Of a nearer access to her, he did not dare to form any hopes; yet he did all to entertain her, and evince his inclination. He was young and amiable; it was not long before he ceased to be indifferent to her; and in short, after repeated negociations, the two lovers at length found means to accomplish their wishes. Bianca never failed, every evening at a late hour, when all the family were in bed, to slip into Buonaventuri's chamber in the merchant's house, by means of a little back-door, which she took care to leave a-jar for that purpose; and without any soul being aware of it, returned every morning before break of day,

After they had carried on this diversion for a pretty long while, as it commonly happens, she grew bolder by habit; and, having once staid [illegible] with her lover, it happened by chance that a baker's boy, who wanted to fetch yeast from an adjoining house, perceived that the little back-door stood open. Not dreaming that this could be owing to any thing but neglect; he shut it to.

Presently after came the young lady; and found the door fast. In great consternation, she hurries back to the house from whence she was come out; knocked gently at the door, was let in by her lover, to whom she related the ugly accident. Gratitude, as well as love, impelled him to take a sudden resolution; every thing was to be sacrificed to their safety. He quitted the house on the spot; hired an apartment for himself and Bianca in the house of another Florentine, and kept themselves concealed with all possible care, till a favorable opportunity offered for eloping to Florence.

In Florence he had a small house, on the Via Larga, near S. Marco, directly facing a nunnery. Here they kept themselves in close retirement, for a considerable time, for fear of any pursuit from Venice.

The then Grand Duke of Tuscany was Francis Maria, the son of Cosmo I. and father of Maria di Medicis. He had to his wife Johanna of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand, dowager Queen of Hungary; a very worthy princess, but now somewhat advanced in years. Hence it happened, as is no uncommon case, that the Grand Duke would sometimes prefer another lady to her. One of his courtiers, who had a spouse as well skilled in officiousness as himself, used commonly to play the confidante in these intrigues of the prince.

Bianca might keep herself concealed as much as she would: there was soon a rumour in Florence of the beautiful Venetian lady that was newly arrived; and the report of her adventure as well as of her beauty, to which her studied reserve not a little contributed; all this made the Grand Duke long ardently to see her. Every day he purposely passed before her chamber; and, as it was her only favorite pastime to stand at the window, it was not long before his curiosity was satisfied. She was half-veiled; but the Grand Duke had seen enough for being desperately in love with her.

The confidant, who soon perceived the unconquerable passion of his master, now began to set his wits at work, in conjunction with the Duke, in order to contrive the means of satisfying it. His like-minded lady was duly admitted of the consultation. The late hard fortune of Bianca, and her gloomy prospects in the future, gave the worthy dame the fairest opportunity for letting Bianca privately know, that matters of consequence could be communicated to her; and accordingly invited her to her house. Buonaventuri had a long struggle with himself, whether he ought to consent that Bianca should accept of the invitation or not. Yet, the high rank of the courtlady, and then his own precarious circumstances, helped him at length to surmount all difficulties, Bianca went, and was received with the most flattering politeness that bordered on real tenderness. She was desired to relate her story; it was listened to with heartfelt emotion, at least in appearance; the most affectionate offers were made her; she was loaded with civilities; presents were tendered, almost forced upon her.

Highly satisfied with this first visit, the Grand Duke flattered himself that he might be present at the second -----Shortly after, the court-lady invited Bianca once more; she was again accosted with the utmost respect and tenderness; and after repeated expressions of pity, and numberless encomiums on her beauty, she was asked whether she was not desirous of being presented to the Grand Duke? He, for his part, had intimated his wishes to be able to make her acquaintance, as he had already found an opportunity of seeing and admiring her.----Bianca had either not fortitude or not virtue enough, for resisting this fresh instance of good-will. At first indeed she made some attempts to elude it: but she made them with a look---as her artful seductress quickly perceived----that only wished to be farther intreated. At this moment, according to their preconcerted plan, the Grand Duke entered the room, as if by chance. Bianca found herself extremely taken with his person, with his animated praises, with his liberal offers. The visits were repeated; they imperceptibly grew familiar together; a few presents which she did not dare to refuse, as coming from the bounty of her sovereign, helped to further the Grand Duke's designs, and her husband thought it, on the whole, not adviseable to interrupt a connection, that at any rate was advantageous, and might perhaps be innocent. The Grand Duke would not stop short in so fair a course: promotions of the husband must necessarily assist him in gaining the favor of Bianca; and to be brief, he at length attained the end of his wishes, so completely to the satisfaction of the several parties; that he and Bianca, and Buonaventuri, were at last as perfectly fitted together as the three sides of an equilateral triangle. The husband very quickly adapted himself admirably to his new situation; he hired for himself and his handsome wife a better house: and daily made new acquaintances with the courtiers, and people of figure. But this sudden good fortune was too much for the merchant's clerk to be able to bear; he grew as usual, haughty and arrogant; began to shew hisinsolence to the principal nobility, and even to the Grand Duke himself; and thus raised himself so many enemies, that at length he was one night attacked in the street, (it was in Italy,) and murdered.

Who now were more glad then the Grand Duke and Bianca? They completely laid aside the last remains of decorum and reserve; and shewed themselves publicly in splendor and magnificence.

Johanna, the legitimate wife of the Grand Duke, though she strove, as much as possible, outwardly to conceal her just indignation at the conduct of her spouse, and her jealousy towards her rival, yet they rankled only the more furiously within; she pined at heart, fell sick, and died.

The death of the Duchess opened fresh prospects to the aspiring Bianca.----The heart of the Grand Duke was wholly at her command; he must do what she pleased; and now she exerted all her art to induce him to wed her in form. In vain did the Grand Duke's brother, Cardinal Ferdinand de Medicis, who, in default of a male descendant, was next successor to the throne, employ all the means in his power to prevent it; she was so happy as to accomplish her aim; and Bianca was, in a short time after, Grand Duchess of Tuscany.

She now naturally wished to bless her spouse with a prince who hereafter should succeed to the throne. She caused prayers to be put up for her in all the churches; had masses read; ordered star-gazers and prophets to be fetched from every quarter; all to no purpose! She therefore at length took up the resolution, in order that she might have her desire, to feign herself pregnant, and then to substitute a foreign child. Intending thus, at least, to have honor of a mother. A bare-foot friar of the monastery of Ogni Santi, was easily persuaded by bribes to take the execution of the project upon him. The Grand Duchess now began to be indisposed: she took to her chamber; and at length to her bed: she acquainted the court with her situation, and no one was more rejoiced at the news than the Grand Duke himself.

When according to her reckoning, the time of her delivery must be come, she suddenly made a great alarm at midnight; roused the attendants; and ordered with great impatience, her confessor, (the bare-footed Carmelite,) to be called.

The Cardinal, who was not unacquainted with the cunning of his sister-in-law, had a long time past caused her to be so closely watched, that he was perfectly informed of the plot. He no sooner got intelligence that the confessor was sent for,

than he hafiened to the anti-chamber of the Grand Ducheſs; where he walked up and down, and kept reading his breviary. The Grand Ducheſs, on hearing that he was there, ordered him to be told; that ſhe begged him, for God's ſake, to be gone, as ſhe could not endure the thought of a man being ſo near her in the preſent circumſtances. The Cardinal anſwered drily, Let her Highneſs attend to her own buſineſs, and I will mind mine; and continued to read his breviary. Now came the confeſſor, according to appointment. As ſoon as he appeared the Cardinal flew to meet him with open arms; Welcome, welcome, my dear ghoſtly father! The Grand Ducheſs is greatly in want of your aſſiſtance. With theſe words he hugged him faſt in his arms, and was thereby immediately ſtruck with the ſight of a lovely new-born child which the good father had concealed in his boſom. He took it away from him, and called out ſo loud, that even the Grand Ducheſs could hear him in the adjoining chamber, God be thanked! the Grand Ducheſs is happily delivered of a chopping prince; and directly preſented the little one to the byſtanders.

The Grand Ducheſs, incenſed even to fury at this malicious trick, reſolved to be revenged of the Cardinal in the cruelleſt way, coſt what it would. And ſhe found means to make the Grand Duke himſelf, whoſe devotion to her remained always intire, to furniſh her with an opportunity for affecting her purpoſe.

One day they all three made a party of pleaſure to Poggio a-Caino, and dined together. Now the Cardinal was particularly fond of almond-ſoup; the Grand Ducheſs therefore cauſed an almond ſoup to be prepared for him, which was poiſoned, and to be ſet upon the table.

The Cardinal had his ſpies upon all her actions, who executed ſo well their commiſſion, that he knew of this plot before the almond-ſoup came up.----He ſeated himſelf as uſual at table; but would not take any of the almond-ſoup, though the Grand Ducheſs preſſed it upon him with all the politeneſs imaginable. Well, ſaid the Grand Duke, tho' the Cardinal will have none of it, yet I ſhall take ſome. And immediately took a portion of it on his plate. (Here the ſituation of the Grand Ducheſs will be more eaſily imagined than deſcribed,) Unable now to prevent him from eating it without making an entire diſcovery of her horrid purpoſe, ſhe ſaw that ſhe was undone, therefore in order to eſcape the vengeance ſhe had to expect from her brother-in-law, ſhe ate up what remained of the almond-ſoup. The conſequence was, that ſhe and her huſband died both in one day namely the 21ſt of October 1587. The Cardinal ſucceeded to the Grand-Ducal dignity, under the name of Ferdinand I. and reigned till the year 1628.

INSTANCE OF MAGNANIMITY.

FROM PARK'S "TRAVELS."

A VERY few years ago, Abdulkader, an African Prince, without any ſhadow of juſtice, invaded the neighboring territory of Damel, another Prince of Africa; and with a profeſſed deſign to take away his life. Damel partly by ſtratagem, and partly by a moſt heroic conduct, defeated the invading army, and took Abdulkader himſelf priſoner. When the royal captive was brought before him in irons and thrown on the ground, the magnanimous Damel, inſtead of ſetting his foot upon his neck and ſtabbing him with his ſpear according to cuſtom in ſuch caſes, addreſſed him as follows: "Abdulkader, anſwer me this queſtion; if the chance of war had placed me in your ſituation and you in mine, how would you have treated me?" Abdulkader replied with great firmneſs, "I would have thruſt my ſpear into your heart, and I know that a ſimilar fate awaits me." "Not ſo, ſaid Damel, my ſpear is indeed red with with the blood of your ſubjects killed in battle, and I could now give it a deeper ſtain by dipping it in your blood; but this would not build up my towns, nor bring to life the thouſands who fell in the wood. I will not therefore kill you in cool blood, but I will retain you as my ſlave, until I perceive that your preſence in your own kingdom will be no longer dangerous to your neighbors, and then I will conſider of the proper way of diſpoſing of you."

Damel accordingly retained his royal captive, and kept him at work as a ſlave about three months, and then, at the requeſt of Abdulkader's ſubjects, he reſtored him to his kingdom. This noble conduct of Damel was celebrated by the African poets, and was the ſubject of the ſongs of the ſinging men and ſinging women.

REMARK.

HE that frequently proclaims his own honeſty, betrays a conſciouſneſs that his title to that character is weak.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO SLEEP.

IN vain, gentle friend, ſad and weary I ſought,
On the ſoft downy pillow, thy ſolace to find,
To arreſt the wild errors of wandering thought,
And to ſoothe the keen anguiſh that prey'd on my mind.

In vain, do I court thee, thy poppies to ſhed,
Thy poppies, with virtue Lethean endu'd:
And wildly coquettiſh, thou fly'ſt from my bed,
And leav'ſt me ſtill toſt by a tempeſt ſo rude.

If, at length, thou ſhouldſt grant to the ſorrow-ſtain'd eyes
A tranſient ſuſpenſion of pain to enjoy;
Yet thy fancy-form'd train of dark ſpectres ariſe,
Interrupting the reſt, if they do not deſtroy.

Like the minions of fortune, thou always art found,
Where affliction an entrance has never obtain'd;
Where plenteouſly bleſſings already abound,
Where grief has not tortur'd, nor anguiſh has pain'd.

Why, alone to the woe-begone mourner a foe,
For the balm of repoſe ſhall he fruitleſſly pray?
Is there ſomething uncouth in the aſpect of woe?
Is there ſomething that feares thee, ſoft phantom! away?

The vacant, the careleſs, the gay, and the free,
Uncourted, thy peace-giving bleſſings obtain;
While thoſe may ſolicit in vain, who, like me,
Are wounded by ſorrow, or tortur'd with pain.

PORTRAIT OF SLANDER.

WHAT mortal but ſlander, that ſerpent, hath ſtung,
Whoſe teeth are ſharp arrows, a razor her tongue?
The rank poiſon of aſps her livid lip loads,
The rattle of ſnakes, with the ſpittle of toads,
Her throat is an open ſepulchre, her legs
Set hatching of vipers and cockatrice eggs;
Her ſting is a ſcorpion's, like hyœna ſhe'll cry,
With the ear of an adder, a baſilick's eye;
The mouth of a monkey, the hug of a bear,
The head of a parrot, the chat of a hare;
The wings of a magpie, the ſnout of a hog,
The feet of a mole, and the tail of a dog:
Her claw is a tyger's, her forehead of braſs,
With the hiſs of a gooſe, and the bray of an aſs!

SONG.

THE philoſophers, moraliſts, poets, and thoſe
Who have left their opinions in verſe or in proſe,
Fine ſtories, they've told not by all underſtood,
Though entirely meant, I dare ſay, for our good;
The chiefeſt of which you may readily ſcan,
That our time, here below, is no more than a ſpan.

The aſſertion is juſt, if with reaſon we view,
Mortality conſtantly ſhews us 'tis true;
Then to fill up this trifle of being below,
Is a doctrine, I think that we all ought to know:
For a moment attend to my ſong, if you can,
And I'll ſhew the right method to fill up the ſpan.

Leave the doctor to phyſic, the pedant to prate,
The poet to ſcribble, the ſtateſmen to fate,
The bully to bluſter, the valiant to fight,
The lawyer to wrangle of wrong and of right.
Their buſineſs is not in the courſe of my plan,
With matter, more pleaſing, I'll fill up the ſpan.

Let ruby fac'd Bacchus, prepare us a feaſt,
And ſmiling good humour, bid welcome each gueſt,
'Tis a banquet ſuits only the jovial and gay,
Let the grave, the moroſe, and the dull keep away,
Inſipid by nature, they ſuit not my plan,
So juſt as they pleaſe let them fill up their ſpan.

Let good humor, as Preſident ſet in the chair,
And ruby fac'd Bacchus and Momus appear;
Let the full flowing goblet go chearfully round,
While the heart lifting ſong, to the heavens reſound;
Let all in full chorus approve of my plan,
And own this the method to fill up the ſpan.

EPITAPH ON A STAY-MAKER.

ALIVE, unnumber'd Stays he made,
(He work'd induſtrious night and day;)
E'en dead, he ſtill purſues his trade,
For here his BONES WILL MAKE A STAY!

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MEDDLER, No. IV.

"O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts." GAY.

THERE is in man a ſtrong and native propenſity to imitation. It diſcovers itſelf in the earlieſt dawn of youth, and attends him to the cloſe of life. In our infancy the effects of the tendency are obvious and extenſive; but in our riper years, however forcibly it may actuate our conduct, it's influence notwithſtanding is more ſilent and leſs obſerved. Tho' all men be indiſcriminately affected by it's power in a greater or leſs degree, yet it's fruits are various as the ſoils in which they are raiſed. In ſome it produces the higheſt excellence, in others the loweſt depravity.

The ill conſequences, however, chiefly ariſe from the want of ſufficient diſcernment in the choice of proper ſubjects for its operations. If ſtruck with admiration of ſome prominent and noble feature, we ſelect as the ſole model of our actions, a character in which few virtues are ſcattered amid a multitude of vices, we will be more liable to ſink than riſe in excellence.

Great talents are ſo apt by their ſplendor to dazzle our ſight, that the moſt abject vices when blended in the ſame perſon, oftentimes eſcape our obſervation, or are miſtaken for ſymptoms of genius. We ought therefore to beware, leſt in copying the excellencies we alſo catch the imperfections of our pattern. That a man ſhould be betrayed into vice and folly by the latent blemiſhes of a character, the good qualities of which alone he had intended to imitate, is not impoſſible and may be pardoned, ſince the aim at leaſt deſerved tho' it did not meet ſucceſs. But that a creature endowed with reaſon, inſtead of ſearching after the good ſhould ſeek to imbibe only the bad properties of another, ſtaggers belief and merits no indulgence. Yet however improbable it may appear, inſtances of this kind daily occur.--------STULTITIUS, tho' not gifted by nature with an extenſive genius, yet poſſeſſed a moderate ſhare of underſtanding, and the ſeeds of ſome good qualities. Had he attended ſolely to their cultivation, they could not perhaps have raiſed him to great renown; but they would at leaſt have ſcreened him from contempt. Unluckily however, inſtead of attending to the improvement of thoſe talents which he already enjoyed, he aſpired to the reputation of others far beyond the utmoſt reach of his narrow genius.

STULTITIUS, inflamed in early youth [illegible] by the applauſe which followed every action of ALTAMONT, in whom virtue and vice, wiſdom and folly were ſtrangely united, burned with deſire to ſhare his glory. Deſtitute, however, of the ſtrength of mind neceſſary for him to reach an equal height of wiſdom and of virtue, he meanly aped his vices and his follies. From this artifice he expected that mankind, perceiving his reſemblance to ALTAMONT in thoſe particulars, would give him credit for equal talents. So ſhallow a trick might indeed have impoſed on thoſe who looked not beneath the ſurface; but by men who ſearched deeper it was ſoon diſcovered and expoſed. For there is a peculiarity even in the weakneſſes, into which from an affectation of ſingularity, men of abilities ſometimes fall, which thoſe of ſlender capacities can never hope ſucceſsfully to imitate.

The irregularities of the one ariſe from an exuberance of ſpirit, thoſe of the other proceed from the want of it.

STULTITIUS, moreover, not content with having caught as far as his poor abilities would extend the frailties of ALTAMONT, would fain aſſume the very manner of his ſpeech, his gait and demeanor. View him ſtanding or walking at a diſtance with his eyes fixed upon the earth, his brow contracted, and arms folded, and you would almoſt ſwear he were ALTAMONT himſelf, ſo wiſe he ſeems. Draw nigh and examine well his vacant and unchanging look, and you will quickly diſcover that not intenſeneſs of thought, but mere affectation wrought thoſe ſpecious marks of wiſdom. As a friend I would adviſe STULTITIUS, if thoſe habits be not too ſtrongly fixed and aſſimilated to his nature, to ruſe himſelf and ſhake them off. If to attain but a moderate rank in ſociety by our own efforts, be more honorable than to gain a higher by foreign aſſiſtance, how widely has he miſtaken his true glory by endeavoring to tread the paths of ALTAMONT. By proceeding thus he has met with nothing but ſcorn and contumely, when by confiding in his own powers he might have inſured himſelf reſpect.

It is neither my intention nor deſire to traduce the well-earned fame of thoſe, who having formed themſelves upon ſome illuſtrious model, have ſurpaſſed or only equalled their original. I mean but to recommend, that we ſhould diſ-

passionately weigh in the balance of reason, our own powers before we take our aim, lest by falling short of our mark we become the object of derision.------It is not merely by affecting the vices and follies of illustrious men, or by assuming their outward guise that any will become or obtain the reputation of being such---.

An ass though covered with a lion's hide is still an ass.

Saturday, July 18, 1801. D.

ON DUELLING.

DUELLING is murder, licensed by custom and disguised by most absurd notions of honor. The offence which occasions a challenge to a duel is not usually an injury of the highest kind, but some rash and passionate expressions which do not fall within the cognizance of civil law. The blood of man is spilled and his precious life is violently wrested from him, for merely an inadvertant expression, a rash word, spoken perhaps in the delirium of wine. And the punishment does not always light on him who is the aggressor, or does the injury, but as often he falls in the duel, who has received the injury. In settling a dispute this way, the injured party pawns his life, as it were, to the person that had injured him, and loses it by his hand; than which nothing is more unequal and unreasonable.

ANECDOTE.

IT was observed, that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him. "I will lay a wager (says a wag) I get an invitation from him." The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to this rich man's house, about the time he was known to sit down to dinner, and tells the servant, that he must speak with his master immediately, for that he could save him a thousand pounds.---"Sir (says the servant to his master) here is a man in a great hurry to speak with you, who says he can save you a thousand pounds." Out comes the master. "What is that you say, Sir? that you can save me a thousand pounds?" "Yes sir, I can; but I see you are at dinner; I will go myself and dine, and call again."---"O, pray, sir, come in and take a dinner with me."----"Sir, I shall be troublesome." Not at all. The invitation was accepted. As soon as dinner was over, and the family were retired, "Well Sir, (says the man of the house) now to our business. Pray let me know how I am to save this thousand pounds?"---"Why, sir, (said the other) I hear you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."---"I have."---"And that you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds."---"I do so."---"Why then, Sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand."---The master of the house instantly rose in a passion, and turned him out of doors.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1801.

On Saturday afternoon, his Excellency Gov. CLINTON, and family, arrived in Albany. His Excellency has taken the house lately occupied by Gov. JAY. His arrival was announced by a discharge of cannon from Fort Hill.

CALDWELL, July 13th, 1801.

On Thursday last, Moses Campbell, an inhabitant of this place, in a state of inebriation, put an end to his existence, by taking near a spoonful of arsenic. It is proper to mention, that Mr. Campbell was endowed with every requisite qualification to have made a worthy and useful member of society, and but from his intemperance restored to his amiable wife and family, a suitable portion of domestic felicity, instead of troubles and sorrow, with which their bosoms have long since been afflicted. Is'it not then a melancholy reflection to a thinking mind, to consider what destruction is made of the human species by too free an use of spirituous liquors, how many thousands are cut off in their prime of life, by this detestable vice, while their families are often left to become a charge and expence to the public---whereas, had they exercised a prudent control over their own appetites, they might have been useful members of society, and a blessing to their families.

LONDON, May 29.

By yesterday's Hmburgh mail we learn, that Lord Minto had, on the 10th inst. received dispatches from the Earl of Elgin, stating that our army in Egypt, having made themselves masters of an important height which commanded a part of the city of Alexandria, Gen. Hutchinson entertained confident hopes of carrying that fortress by storm: We know not how to reconcile this intelligence with the situation of the hostile armies near Alexandria The only heights which prevented our troops from acting directly against Alexandria, were according to the most recent accounts, those occupied by the French forces under the command of Vicenoi, situated near pompey's Pillar, to the N. E. of Alexandria. As they were admitted in our official intelligence to have their main body strongly entrenched upon these heights, it follows that they must have been dislodged from that advantageous position in consequence of an action fought since the 21st of March, or that despairing of making an effectual resistance they have either retired into the interior of the country, or thrown themselves into the fortress of Alexandria.

We understand, that dispatches, received at a late hour last night by government, from Lord Elgin, state the arrival in the Red Sea, of the troops from the East Indies, destined to co-operate with Gen. Hutchinson, against the French in Egypt, They consist of 1200 men from the Cape of Good Hope, 2000 from the Presidency of Bombay, and 800 from Ceylon. The naval force was commanded by Sir H. Peplaim and the military by Gen. Baird.

A detachment of our troops had been sent up the country, by Gen. Hutchinson, who had received information of the approach of the Indian army, in order to facilitate the march of these succours, and effect a junction with them

We learn with great satisfaction that reinforcements have been dispatched from Malta to Egypt, and there is no doubt that detachments from the garrisons of Gibraltar and Minorca, which are better enabled to spare them, have been also sent to Gen. Hutchinson.

The intelligence from the three Capitals of the North, Petersburgh, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, is as favorable as the most sanguine could wish: Lord St. Helens left Copenhagen on the 17th inst. for Petersburgh.

Lord Nelson continued on the 19th. with his squadron off Bornholm, and Lord St. Helens left Copenhagen for Petersburgh on the 17th.

INVASION.

MAY 28. There are strong grounds to believe that the preparations making along the coast of France, are intended for the invasion of Ireland; and we learn that government is in possession of decisive intelligence upon the subject. Dispatches containing that information were received on the 16th inst. by Admiral Cornwallis who immediately resumed his station off Brest, with the Channel fleet.

OF HAMBURGH.

We have the pleasure to announce, that Mr. PARISH late of Hamburgh has received letters from Hamburgh, officially, from the Senate, by the mail which arrived last night, stating the agreeable intelligence, that the Danish garrison which had occupied that town since the 30th of March, were to evacuate the city on the 23d of May, the day after the mail came away.

THEATRE.

Mr. STORY and MISS E. A. WESTRAY

Respectfully informs their friends and the public, That their BENEFIT is fixed on MONDAY next, when will be presented the

Celebrated Comedy of

Speed the Plough,

After which a Musical Olio, in which
Mr. Darley, sen. and Mr Darley, Jun.
Will kindly lend their assistance------To which will be added the favorite FARCE of

THE SPOIL'D CHILD.

The character of Little Pickle, with the original Songs, by Mrs Story, (☞ Her first appearance on this Stage, with a variety of other entertainments, as will be expressed in the bills.

State Road Lottery, No. III.

TICKETS registered and examined at No. 3 Peck-Slip

WANTED-----by James Oram, No 102 Water-Street, two Apprentices to learn the Printing business----the most liberal allowance for board and clothes will be given.

COURT of HYMEN.

BLEST are that pair---supremely blest,
Who learn each other's peace to prize;
Blest in that sunshine of the breast,
Which heav'n to mankind's cruds denies:
Love crowns their joys with many a smiling birth,
And happiness is their's, if found on earth.

MARRIED,

On Thursday last week, at Poughkeepsie, WILLIAM BROOM, Esq of this city, to Mrs. ANN BARBER of Poughkeepsie.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Kuypers, Mr MARSELUS M VAN GIESON, Merchant, of this city to Miss CATHARINE MORRELL, daughter of Mr Abraham Morrell, deceased of Elizabeth Town.

Same evening by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr JACOB BRADFORD, merchant, to Miss ELIZA DUNSCOMB, both of this city.

By the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Capt. ALLEN PENDLETON, to Miss SOPHIA ELLIS, of this city.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr Kuypers, Mr. JAMES WESTERWELT, to Miss BETSEY BARWICK all of this city.

DIED,

Some time in April last, in Stephen-Town, in the Manor of Courtland, JOHN HEMPSTEAD, aged 106 years. He was a native of this city; was a robust hearty man until a few years since. He retained his senses and recollection until the last, and was esteemed an honest man. He had frequently to relate anecdotes of the old French war, and of expeditions against the Indians, in times when the trees of the forest waved their proud tops, where the busy throng now swarm in the streets of the city.---He has outlived all the companions of his youth, he has been a witness to many generations successively rising and vanishing away. He moved from this city sixty years ago, and has never since returned. He was by trade a breeches maker, and it is said took a disgust at the alteration of fashion which took place about that time in the Gulliper breeches, and has never been known to wear any other.

BOOKS AND STATIONARY.

T. B. JANSEN, & Co.

No. 248 Pearl-Street, have lately received an assortment of very valuable and interesting Books,---among which are;

Benjamin's Country Builder, and other Architects,
Mair's, Pike's, Milns' and Fisher's Arithmetics,
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Hume's Hist. of England, with Smollet's continuation, 12 vols:
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Park's Travels, Cook's Voyages, with plates,
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Junius' Letters, Thomson's Seasons, Cowper's Task,
Peter Pindar's Works, Churchill's Poems,
Beggar Girl, 3 vols: by Mrs Bonnet, 3 dols:
De Valcourt, by the same,
Children of the Abbey, Charlotte Temple,
Camilla, a picture of Youth, Evelina, Italian Nun,
Rural Walks, Montalbert, 2 vols: by CharlotteSmith,
Sorrows of Werter, and Charlotte's Letters, in 1 vl. 87½
George Barnwell, Arabian Nights Entertainment,
Alexis, or the Cottage in the Wood,
Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne, Caroline of Lichtfield,
Mordaunt, sketches of Life, Characters and Manners in various countries, by the author of Zeluco and Edward,
Ildigert, Queen of Norway, 2 vols in one 1 dol:

STATIONARY.

Merchants Account Books, and paper suitable for blank books of all sizes; quills of the best quality; wafers, sealing wax, red and black ink and ink powder, ink chests, a great variety counting house ink stands, glass inks and sands for portable desks, pocket ink pieces, brass and leather counting house files, rulers, lead pencils, drawing paper very large, India ink, camel hair pencils, scales, dividers, mathematical instruments, pink tape, blotting paper, sand and sand boxes, pounce and pounce boxes, embossed, hot pressed, wove and plain letter paper of the best quality, check scissars, desk and pen knives, silver pencil cases, pocket books and ladies thread cases with instruments, &c.

COURT OF APOLLO.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1801.

COMPOSED BY MR. LOW.

Sung by a Select Company, in the new Brick Presbyterian Church, on Saturday the 4th inst. and received with applause.

O'ER the corn-cover'd fields, and each forest-crown'd height,
That AMERICA's bosom adorn,
See the sun-shine of LIBERTY spreading its light,
Like the smiling effulgence of Morn!

Through the years that have past since the era commenc'd
When the Goddess proclaim'd we were free,
What life-blessing gifts hath her bounty dispens'd!
How signally favor'd were we!

Yet tempests and clouds have been seen from afar,
OPPRESSION his gauntlet hath thrown;
And the grim-visag'd, "gory-lock'd" Dæmon of WAR
His heart-chilling clarion hath blown.

But the storm is averted; the clouds are dispers'd;
To their fountain, the East, lo! they flee;
Nor grim-visag'd WAR, nor OPPRESSION hath curs'd
The land of the brave and the free

See LIBERTY's Sun; through the shadows that fly,
How it darts it beneficent rays!
Unclouded it soon will extend o'er the sky,
'Till a world is illum'd by its blaze!

Like Nature's bright orb, it invigorates, warms,
And cheers and irradiates the breast;
Sterility curses, and Famine deforms
The soil which it never hath blest.

Columbians! let transport your bosoms pervade,
Exult that this blessing is yours!
Oh, may't ever in your hands may it persist or fade,
But fall while Creation endures!

On the birth-day of LIBERTY, Gratitude's strain
To the source of all Good shall arise,
That our brethren and sires did not struggle in vain,
But bled to manifest the rich prize.

This Speech auspicious, this Jubilee day,
INDEPENDENCE and PEACE are our lot;
Lo! Union's strong arm strikes our foes with dismay,
And DISSENTION is almost forgot.

Our horn of abundance with blessings o'erflows;
Fair CERES rejoices the land;
And COMMERCE, in INDUSTRY's lap, daily throws
The wealth which her art can command.

From the forest's thick gloom see a navy arise,
Which soon shall awe TYRANNY's powers;
Whate'er of prosperity freemen can prize,
All, all except WASHINGTON's ours.

But ours are the fruits of his virtues,---his name
Shall the downfall of empires out-live;
More lasting than Time or than Matter,---his fame
Shall the Globe's dissolution survive.

The empire of VIRTUE and REASON draws near;
Soon TRUTH, clad in adamant mail,
August and undaunted, her standard shall rear,
And ERROR no longer prevail!

COLUMBIA! rejoice in the prospect benign;---
What Glory thy children betides!
ARTS, GENIUS, and SCIENCE shall henceforth be thine,
For a Sage and a Patriot presides.

ANECDOTE.

Dr. JOHNSON made Goldsmith a comical answer one day, when seeming to repine at the success of Beattie's Essay on Truth. "Here's such a stir, (said he,) about a fellow who has written one book, and I have written so many." "Ah, Doctor, (says his friend) there go two-and-forty sixpences to one guinea."

SCRAP.----FROM FRANKLIN.

BE studious, and you will be learned. Be industrious and frugal, and you will be rich. Be sober and temperate, and you will be healthy. Be virtuous, and you will be happy.

MORALIST.

THE consolations of philosophy are very amusing, but often fallacious. It tells us that life is filled with comforts if we will but enjoy them; and on the other hand, that tho' we unavoidably have miseries here, life is but short and it will soon be over. Thus do these consolations destroy each other; for if life is a place of comfort, its shortness must be misery, and if it be long, our griefs are protracted. Thus philosophy is [illegible], but religion comforts in a higher strain. Man is here, it tells us, fitting up his mind, and preparing it for another abode. When the good man leaves the body and is all a glorious mind, he will find he has been making himself a heaven of happiness here, while the wretch that has been maimed and contaminated by his vices, shrinks from his body with terror. To religion then we must hold in every circumstance of life for our truest comfort; for if already we are happy, it is a pleasure to think that we can make that happiness unending, and if we are miserable, it is very consoling to think there is a place of rest.

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DR. CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION

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PARTICULARLY.

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Wishes to inform his customers, and the public in general, that he continues to carry on the WINDSOR [illegible] BUSINESS [illegible] No. 40 Jay's Street, where always [illegible] Gentlemen may depend upon having their orders executed [illegible] punctuality. [illegible] accommodations for drying old cloaths, where he will take them from any part of the town and return them in good order. He will paint them green any fancy color in the neatest manner, at a very low price. [illegible]

February 26. 58.

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